



Lips Of An Angel by [itmakesyoucrazy](#)

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Summary: It had been five years since he seen her and now she's back, just when he was happy with someone else. Dark Eleven, Smut, Language.

1. Retrouvaille

Absence makes the heart grow fonder

Chapter One - Retrouvaille

The loud sound of a door slamming open echoed in the bedroom as two individuals could be found, lips locking heatedly and hands rummaging over skin. The boy had hurriedly fumbled with the girl's shirt, peeling it from her body. Heavy breathing increased when they fell onto the king-sized bed, the sheets fluttering from the impact.

The girl's hands were threading into the boy's massive curls as he slowly trailed a path of kisses down her neck before she picked herself up on her elbows to unclip her bra.

Hungry brown eyes bore down to her naked breasts, then found their way back to her bright blue orbs.

The boy's shirt had already been long discarded and she raked her hands up and down his toned abs, eliciting a sharp gasp from him. Just then, his hand shot down to the belt on his jeans and he pulled it through the loops in one swoop, not stopping to pull the button out and unzip the zipper, tugging the jeans down along with his boxers.

The girl did the same and before anyone knew, they were both completely naked, needing release.

But this boy wasn't one to gear away from teasing. He latched onto her left breast with his mouth, squeezing the other one lightly in his hand. The girl groaned, the boy's name leaving her lips in a mewl.

He let go and allowed his lips to go further and further down, never breaking eye contact with her.

Her breathing became ragged once he reached his destination, leaving tentative kisses around her inner thighs, occasionally flicking out his tongue.

Her patience grew thin and she grabbed his face. "Stop playing, I need you inside me."

A smirk played on his swollen lips but he did as she wished and pulled himself up to her, their lips meeting once more, tongues stroking desperately.

And with that, he grabbed her waist, gazed into her eyes, and entered her in one hard thrust.

Their eyes rolled back in unison. It wasn't like this was their first time with each other, but for some reason this moment felt euphoric in comparison to their other encounters, even though they had plenty of time to make up for it, being as they were clearly a couple.

His thrusts became more insistent, making the girl moan louder. His own moans escaped him until he felt the familiar, firmer squeeze of her walls around him, signaling her climax was near.

His own orgasm was building up inside of him and he twitched, just as he always did and at that moment, one more thrust was all it took.

He came quickly and hard, moaning a name, one different from the girl underneath him and his eyes gazed back up at her, but the eyes that were looking back at him did not belong to her.

These eyes were dark, just a tinge lighter than his but hard to tell through how blown they were. His senses were filled with shock as he looked down to her lips.

His throat closed as he realized who was *really* underneath him.

"M-Mike," she whimpered, clutching onto his biceps tightly. His body could take no more and he exploded, saying this name once again.

"Mike," he heard once more, this time a different voice. His ears were ringing but he couldn't take his eyes off the girl.

"Mike!"

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Mike shot up in bed, gasping loudly. He felt hands grab his cheeks and he turned to look.

It was his girlfriend, Olivia. This realization caused his eyes to widen, realizing what he had experienced was all a dream.

"Are you okay, honey?" She asked him worriedly.

His heart sank, disappointment running through him. No. He wasn't okay. He hasn't been okay for awhile now. That much was true.

Five years he spent missing her, those five years he would never get back. He thought it was all over now because when he met Olivia ten months ago, things got just a little bit better. I guess better doesn't mean much when it certainly didn't get easier.

By this point, he was just merely convincing himself he was over her. He loved Olivia, he really did, but he had also never had a dream like that before so it was either it meant something more than just missing her or he's been living in denial as if he didn't have those dreams every single night.

He knew he didn't. The only thing he knows for a fact is that he tried to reach her for five years straight, calling her everyday she was gone, hoping for an answer, hoping he didn't just lose the love of his life.

What did this mean? He swore he was fine, that he moved on, so what the fuck is this? After ten months of being happy again, although it didn't exactly measure out to the way he used to be, why now?

He didn't want to hurt Olivia, ever, so he promised himself he would keep this a secret. If she knew about his history with the other girl, he would lose her forever. There's just too much to compete with, and she wasn't even with him anymore.

Shit, this was bad.

"I'm alright, Liv. Just had a really bad dream about this big, hairy man jumping us." He almost cringed at his description, swallowing away his inner turmoil that he usually got when lying to someone. He wasn't used to it.

He never lied to her, or anyone really. She looked at him for a

moment and made a disgusted face. "That sucks, I'm sorry."

Ugh. She really was a sweetheart. Damn him. Damn his feelings.

"It's fine. I'm sorry too, if I scared you." *I'm sorry I had a wet dream about someone who wasn't you.*

"All good," she grinned and gave him a peck on the lips. His fingers involuntarily touched his bottom lip, a tear threatening to escape from the corner of his eye.

She then got up and put some proper clothes on, him watching her intently.

Reality dawned on him. This marked the end of an era. He knew things would never be the same again.

He had no idea.

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Five days later...

"Son of a bitch, where are my keys?" Dustin yelled from the kitchen, searching through his bag with shaky hands.

"Dude, you're drunk, you can't leave." Lucas told him.

"Like hell I can't," Dustin slurred, stumbling backwards, knocking over a pencil holder.

Lucas rolled his eyes at him. The guy could not hold his liquor for shit.

Just then, Mike entered the room, whistling slightly, hand in hand with Olivia. "Morning, Dustin and Lucas. Where's Will?"

"He said he had stuff to do so he left early." Mike nodded. Will was the only one who wasn't drinking last night.

They spent pretty much all night drinking, from 8PM to 1AM, some more than others, but Dustin was the most shit-faced out of all of

them. Although Mike had to admit he was feeling pretty good.

"Mike, can you h-help me find my keys," Dustin babbled, almost losing his balance.

"Sit your ass down before you break something, dingus," Lucas scolded him.

Mike laughed at their bickering and the state of him. "I think you should wait it out a bit, you're in no shape to be driving. Drink some water or something."

Dustin groaned and went into the living room, muttering to himself.

Mike and Olivia went back upstairs to Mike's room, in the mood for dancing to some music.

He pulled her inside and closed the door, heading for the record player. He turned it on and leaned down to peek inside his shelves that held a bunch of records. He skimmed through, a finger tapping his chin in wonder of what he may find. Most of these he forgot he even had, and some he wished he had gotten rid of but they had too much emotional value to do so.

Suddenly he pointed to *A Kind of Magic* by Queen. This one in particular had his favorite song on it and he knew he had to play it.

He released the disc carefully and placed it on the record player, skipping to *Who Wants To Live Forever*.

Olivia beamed at him as he turned around and he smiled back and grabbed her waist, pulling her to him.

She instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck and they began dancing to the music.

There's no time for us

There's no place for us

What is this thing that builds our dreams

Yet slips away from us?

Mike gulped inaudibly as he now started realizing what the lyrics meant. He shook his head away from the thoughts and leaned in to capture Liv's lips, hoping to forget everything and just focus on them.

Who wants to live forever?

Who wants to live forever?

She responded to him immediately, licking at his lips and he opened for her, reveling in the feeling as they got lost in the song.

There's no chance for us...

The phone rang and Mike hesitantly pulled away from her to check who it was. When he picked up, it was Will.

"Hello?"

"Mike, I know this isn't a good time but something has happened." Will said softly, making Mike's eyebrows raise.

With wide eyes, he responded. "What is it? Is something wrong?"

There was a slight pause before, "No. Nothing's wrong. It's just-" he paused again, longer this time, scaring Mike.

"Will, what happened!?" Mike exclaimed.

"It's El. Hopper just called me and said that he found her. She's still alive, Mike."

You could have stabbed him in the gut and he wouldn't have even flinched at the utter shock he was in once those words left Will's mouth. He caught himself gripping the phone so tight, his knuckles were white.

"Mike?"

"Yeah, yeah I'm here." He looked over at Olivia, who was very confused and he sighed.

"What are you planning on doing?"

"I'm gonna go find Hopper."

"Mike, are you sure that's a good idea?" Will checked, knowing what could potentially become of this.

"I have to see her, Will. I'm going." With that, he slammed the phone down and shot up like a lightning bolt, much to Liv's further confusion.

"See who? What's happening? Do you want me to go with you?" She asked frantically as he paced around, lacing his fingers in his hair.

"There's this girl who I haven't seen in ages and Will just told me that he saw her and apparently Hopper is involved somehow so I need to go. I'll be back later, okay?" He couldn't believe the words coming out of his mouth and how bad the whole situation sounded the moment he mentioned 'a girl'.

Olivia narrowed her eyes, confirming the inevitable. "Why can't I just go with you?"

Mike ground his teeth together. "Trust me, it's not like that, I'm just reuniting with an old friend. Don't be jealous. I love you, okay?"

"Who said I was jealous? You bring this up on me, saying you're leaving and now you can't fully explain to me what's going on and I can't even go with you?"

He huffed. He knew this wasn't going to be easy. "Look, I'll be back. I promise. You have nothing to worry about."

"Fine," she sneered. "Go."

Guilt flooded him but he gave her a quick kiss, said 'I love you' and was out the door.

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Rushing feet sounded until he was at his Monte Carlo, driving down the deserted streets at 3AM to Hopper's house. It never occurred to

him that he was going 15 over the speed limit until he spotted a cop parked in a field, causing him to slow down.

Mike didn't know what to say, or do, or think. All he knew was that El was alive, after all this time. He spent five years believing her to be dead. Gone forever. That was when they were just twelve years old.

Now he was seventeen with a girlfriend but his mind couldn't help but paint pictures of what she may look like now, though he tried to resist because of Liv.

He didn't want to see El that way anymore. The way he did back then. It was already bad enough back then because she didn't have a clue about the world nor did she understand that his body was fighting against the hormones that threatened to escape him every time he was around her, let alone what that meant.

He feared that now that they were older and it's been so long, it would be even harder, despite having a girlfriend.

This whole thing had him freaked out. He never wanted to be known as a cheater, and he's said it before and he'll say it again, he truly loved Olivia. He would hate himself if he upset her and if she found out about El, but it wasn't like El died or they broke up. She sacrificed herself for him, for his friends, hell, for the whole goddamn town! It wasn't like he stopped loving her, because he didn't. As much as he tried, he couldn't. Yes, he moved on and found happiness but the hole never left and no one else can fill it but El.

He couldn't think like that. He had to let the past be the past. Him and El were over and he was with Olivia now.

From now on, he kept his guard up. He refused to let the feelings back in. His heart couldn't take it.

Now he was at the chief's house, pulling into the driveway. He parked the car but sat back for a moment, looking at the house. His heart was racing as though it would beat out of his chest and fall to the floor.

With a strung out exhale, he got out of the car and made his way to the porch.

His hand balled into a fist and raised up to the door, preparing to knock when a faint voice could be heard on the other side.

"He'll be here soon."

El.

He closed his eyes and rested his forehead on the door. She really was there, it wasn't another dream. He leaned back and softly knocked.

Not a moment went by as the door swung open and he was met with the eyes of the girl who meant everything to him.

His breath caught in his throat as he looked at her, as she looked right back at him with the same intensity. Tears welled up in their eyes and a relieved smile twitched against Mike's lips.

El let out a gasp and a bright grin spread across her face. And then they were in each other's arms, his hands squeezing her waist in a big hug as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Mike," his name escaped her lips in a sob. His own tears began to fall intensely and he hugged her tighter. Closer.

"El."

After awhile, they pulled away and gazed into each other's eyes, their faces slickened and red from tears. "You have no idea how much I've missed you. I never gave up. I knew you'd come back. I knew it, El." He beamed.

"I missed you, too," she smiled, pulling him in for another hug.

He never wanted to let go.

2. Some Things Never Change

I don't ever wanna feel

like I did that day

Chapter Two - Some Things Never Change

It felt like a lifetime without her once he locked eyes with her again. Thoughts were stirring in his mind. *How did you go on this long? Where will you go from here now?*

He leaned back for a moment just to look at her but boy did he regret that because he wasn't sure if he could will himself to look away.

Obviously he knew she was going to look much different, but he never expected to see her like *this*. From the moment he saw her in the woods back in '83, he knew there was something so foreignly exquisite about her beauty. She just wasn't like other girls. He was so used to seeing girls with their hair long and down to their back most of the time or big and poofy. El however had her hair buzzed nearly down to the scalp. She could've been mistaken for a boy had you not looked at her close enough but Mike knew, and most guys would find it unattractive for girls to have short hair like that. Hell, it was practically unheard of, but that could be part of the reason why Mike was so drawn to her. It was unique.

Of course, he didn't know her whereabouts before he had found her at that point which ended up being the sole reason she had her hair that short. Nevertheless, it enticed him. *She* enticed him.

Now that it's been five years, her hair had grown down just barely below her shoulders. It should've been much longer than that but he believed that she had managed to get it cut to the length she wanted and gradually kept it like that. Clearly she wasn't in the Upside Down like he originally thought, or if she was, she escaped fairly quick and Hopper found her by then.

She was taller, at least a good five inches or so and she wore a black hoodie with blue jeans and Converse. The outfit reminded him of the

many times she wore his clothes since she didn't have her own for awhile.

He wanted to ask her so many questions but he was so overwhelmed with seeing her again that he wanted to just pick up where they left off. Then it hit him that the last real moment they shared together before she went away was their kiss.

He knew it couldn't be like that anymore. He promised himself. But it wasn't like they could just start over. He had to tell her about Liv first.

"We have so much to talk about," he began, sitting down on the couch and patting the spot next to him in invitation for her to sit next to him.

She took up the opportunity and flopped on the cushion. "Yes, we do," she agreed. "And you can start by telling me who that girl is."

Mike's eyes were as wide as saucers. *Shit, how could he forget? Of course she checked on him while she was gone. Oh god, she saw him, she saw-*

"Mike," El said in a firm tone. He opened and closed his mouth several times before he finally found his words.

"Um, her name is Olivia. She's my...g-girlfriend." Mike stuttered, fearing that El would be offended.

"Girlfriend?" She worded, confusion knitting her eyebrows.

"Yeah, girlfriend. It means you like someone as more than a friend and you go out on dates and stuff." He wanted to cringe at his choice of words but decided to put up with her never ending questions that were sure to come flying out.

"But...you and I are more than friends."

He clenched his teeth and shut his eyes tight. This was not going to end well.

"Well, I mean, we *were* but then you disappeared and I never thought

I was going to see you again. I thought you were *dead*, El. I missed you every single day you were gone and it was *killing* me. I had to move on, El."

She looked at him, betrayal and hurt spread upon her features. "Oh."

"I never wanted to hurt you and I swear if I would've known for sure you'd come back to me, Olivia and I would've never happened. I was just so lonely and desperate and I needed a distraction. I had to get over you."

Did he just call Liv a distraction?

Her head hung and he felt his heart slice perfectly in half. He knew he couldn't please everyone, but he didn't want to hurt anyone. It dawned on him that he might have to choose between her and Olivia because he sure as hell couldn't have both of them. God, why was this so hard?

"I never got over you," He heard El whisper, voice breaking as tears rolled down her cheeks. It was a painful sight. "Mike, I'm here now. I understand everything a lot better now and I can be better for you. You're all I have," she cried.

"El, please listen. It's been five years. Five years that were taken from me because you were gone. Liv is the only one who managed to make things just a little bit better for me and I was able to make it through. I know you're here now and I can't tell you how grateful I am for you and that you're able to be here with me and I care about you so much. You know that. But I can't just up and leave Olivia for someone who I'm supposed to be over. That's not fair." He tried to reason.

"Supposed to be over?"

"Yes. I'm supposed to be done and moved past everything with you. I won't forget the good times, and we can always make new memories together but as friends. It's better this way, trust me."

She wasn't having it. El was never the type to back down from a fight; verbal or physical. She would keep going until she had her

way. She was the most stubborn person Mike had ever met.

"Then why do I still feel the same way? Why haven't I been able to move on? How was it so easy for you?"

He reached forward and held her face in his hands. "I never said it was easy. It was *not* easy. Five years is plenty of time to get over someone but I never got over you, okay? I'm supposed to be, but I'm not. I feel the same way too, alright? It's just that I don't want to hurt Olivia and-"

"So it's okay to hurt me?" El interrupted. Mike's heart was racing, the tension beginning to get to him.

"No! Of course not, El! Look, it's better this way and in many ways, it goes beyond just Olivia. I'm not enough for you, you'll realize that sooner or later. The best thing for you is to forget about me and move on. You'll find a nice boy who will treat you right. You're fucking perfect, okay? I've *never* been good enough for you and I'll never *be* good enough for you."

El stood up abruptly, getting right into Mike's face as she stood before him on the couch. She pointed at him harshly, her finger sinking into his shoulder.

"Stop acting like that's what this is! One minute you say it's better for us to be friends and I should move on too and now you're telling me you never got over me and still feel the same way but you won't let us be together!? I think it's just your way of saying I've grown ugly and you love Olivia more. If you cared about me at all, you wouldn't do this. Friends don't lie, Mike and right now, you're a dirty, rotten liar. I don't give a shit about other boys, quit telling me I'm perfect like that makes everything okay, and for God sakes Wheeler, I don't want better, I want YOU!" She yelled, grabbing onto him roughly and shaking him, trying to get it through his head.

Mike couldn't speak. Everything she said was completely right and he hated himself. He hated that he hurt her, he hated that he's been lying to himself, he hated that he truly, no matter how much he tried to convince everyone had never stopped loving El. He let it sink in, and it hit him like a tidal wave. There was no point in denying it

anymore. He belonged to her and only her.

Suddenly, he felt the devil on his left and the angel on his right. The angel was saying, *"You love Liv, but you love El more. Still, you shouldn't leave Liv like that. Don't hurt the girl who was there for you while El was gone, don't hurt the girl who helped you find happiness again."* and the devil was saying mercilessly, *"Don't be a fucking dumbass, you know you and Liv will never work now that El is here. I think the only reason you're holding back isn't because of Liv, no, it's something else entirely. You're scared. Scared you'll go too far with El and you won't be able to control yourself. Is that it, Mikey? You can't fight the urges? You know you want to grab her, take her up to her room and fuck her brains out. Don't forget you dreamed about her, pal. So either you do what you really, really want to do or you walk out and break BOTH of your hearts and go back to Liv. It might be for the best since you're too much of a pussy to jump her bones, but how long can you stay away? Come on, Mike. Make her yours; heart, body, mind, and soul. Take her now."*

He was shaking, his breathing became labored and his palms began to sweat as he felt the devil defeating the angel. He had to leave and he had to leave right NOW. He would rather her hate him forever because he left than hate him because he can't control his traitorous libido.

It really didn't help that she was so close to him, a hair's breadth away from his lips that viciously wanted to claim hers again after so long.

No.

With no warning, he shot up, only to be sent back down by an invisible force. He knew damn well what it was as he looked up and saw the glaring eyes of El, a speck of blood dripping from her nose. "No. Don't leave me." She wiped her nose with her sleeve.

Shit. shit, shit, *shit!* He was toast.

"El, please..." Mike begged, desperation evident in his voice.

"I need you, Mike. You can't just show up here and then leave me for someone else as if I mean nothing to you now." She said, her tone

dense and menacing.

"I can't do this," Mike croaked. He was crying now.

El crouched down and put her hands on his knees. When he looked up to protest, her eyes locked onto his and he was in a trance.

Then her hand reached up to cup his jaw, pulling back to trace it with one finger agonizingly slow until it snaked down his neck and made its way back to his lips. She ran her finger over his top lip and then slid it down his bottom one, drawing a gasp from him.

"Pretty," she admired, now clutching the back of his head, delving her fingers into his hair with a sharp tug.

"El, my control only goes so far," Mike warned.

"I don't care. I want you to kiss me." She countered.

He was about to lose it. He could feel everything he kept inside come rushing to the surface.

His hands shot out and grabbed her wrists. "You think you know things better now but you don't, okay? You don't know anything! Now get off of me!" This wasn't him, this was his sexual frustration. She couldn't know that though. He wasn't going to take it out on her, as much as it hurt him to yell at her like that.

She seemed unphased and still determined. "Why are you being like this? Mike, I love you and I know that you love me too. Just tell me the truth!"

"YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH!" He blurted out coldly, knowing that would finally break her from her attempts at whatever she was willing to do to make him give.

There was dead silence. He kept his eyes glued to hers and watched her face contort from determination to utterly emotionless. His heartbeat seemed to beat much faster now, anticipation proving to be fatal. Before he could even think about what had happened, almost forgetting what he said to make her react this way, her hand came up and slapped him hard across the face, causing his head to jerk

sideways. He knew that was gonna leave a serious welt on his cheek as he slowly rubbed it, looking back at her, stunned.

With no time, she grasped his jaw forcefully and he had to admit it felt like she was going to break it.

"You do *not* tell me what I can or cannot handle. You don't fucking understand what I had to go through to get back to you and now that I'm here you treat me like garbage. If this is your attempt at pushing me away because you can't admit that you feel the same way for me because this Olivia bitch is more important, then congratulations. It worked. Are you happy now? Is she everything you ever dreamed of? Screw you, Mike. Now, do me a favor and you get the hell out of my house!" With that, she released him and got off the couch, rushing towards the door to open it. She gestured him out but he couldn't move.

God, he was such a fucking idiot. He could've done this so much different, but he couldn't take any of it back and he sure as hell wasn't going to make her forgive him or kiss her and do something he'd regret.

First day back and he made her hate him. The girl he loved more than anything, loved so much that he wanted to protect her from himself had hated him now.

She narrowed her eyes at him, "Out. Now. Or I'll make you get out."

He wanted to explain himself, why he had to do this, but she just wouldn't get it. She would encourage it and that wasn't something he could handle right now.

Instead, he bowed his head and proceeded to the door. She backed up and pulled the door further open to let him through. When he was just a step away from outside the corridor, a salty tear escaped his eye.

He stepped out and when he turned back around, she slammed the door in his face. An embarrassing whimper left him and he stayed there, resting his hand on the door and silently bumping his head.

He had left with her still engraved in his heart. The pain was too much and he cried. He cried right there on her doorstep, turning his back and falling to the wooden porch. It was then he heard Hopper's voice from the other side. "What happened, kid? You woke me up."

"Sorry, I just had some business to take care of. Mike didn't come back for me, he came back to tell me he loved someone else and that he moved on and I should, too. But he also said he never stopped loving me. Am I crazy or does that not make any sense?" El replied, softly.

Hopper sighed angrily. "No El, it doesn't make sense. Boys can be real stupid sometimes and I'm sorry you had to put up with that. He won't hurt you again. If he comes back here, I'll kill him myself."

Mike almost gasped at Hopper's words but nevertheless took the hint and decided it was time to go back home.

"It's gonna be hard to forget him after everything he's done for me. I know he hurt me but I just-I...I don't know, Dad."

Hold the damn phone. Dad?!

He had hoped he didn't just hear that but he wanted to cry harder when she said it was gonna be hard to forget him only for it to be momentarily halted by what came next.

"Move on, El. He's not worth it. Find another boy."

His fists clenched despite remembering those were similar words that he said to her himself.

Now he had to go home before he heard her response.

He trudged through the unkempt grass and down the path to his car. He hopped in and pulled out of the driveway without a second glance.

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In short time, he made it back to his house, spotting Olivia crying in the living room. He checked the time.

Fuck! It was almost 6am. She had to be worried sick.

"Liv?" He called out to her. She picked her head up and got up and ran to him. "Where have you been?" she snapped.

"I'm sorry. I got held up. Hopper went a little crazy on me."

"Did you find that girl?"

Mike swallowed thickly. "No, she wasn't there. False alarm."

She looked at him, narrowing her eyes, possibly in disbelief.

"Okay. I'm glad you're home," she smiled, pulling him in for a hug but he scooped her up in his arms and crashed his mouth on hers.

She moaned appreciatively and kissed him back, one hand wrapping around his neck while the other dove into his curly hair.

"I want you," he growled. She moaned and let him carry her upstairs. They collapsed on the bed and his hands immediately, frantically began taking off her clothes.

Her gasps made him realize he was being rough, which is not something he usually did. He was just so angry right now that he needed to feel something.

Once she was naked, he popped the button open on his jeans, thankful he wasn't wearing a belt to reduce a step and zipped them down, pulling them off, taking his boxers with him.

"Mike," Olivia moaned, grabbing his face and pulling him back up to lock their lips again. He ran his hands up and down her back, pushing his tongue past her lips to battle hers for dominance.

He grabbed her hands and shoved them above her head. "I love you. I love you so much," he whispered.

"I love you too Mike but don't you think you should slow it down a bit? You're kinda hurting me." She complained.

"I thought you liked it rough?" He purred seductively.

"Not really," she scoffed.

Mike's anger increased to boiling point. He needed to dominate. He didn't have much of an idea why other than El, but he just needed to right now.

"I'll be gentle, I promise," he insisted and thrust forward, filling her instantly. She moaned loudly and he almost cried out at being able to feel pleasure again.

He began to move, his thrusts becoming more persistent, and he grunted. "El."

He felt her stiffen underneath him before he realized that he made a big mistake. She pursed her lips and then he was sent back onto the other side of her on the bed as she pushed him off her.

"Tell me you did not just moan another girl's name, Mike," she ground out, not looking at him.

Mike's eyes popped and he shook his head furiously. "No. No, no, no. I said ugh."

She laughed unhumorously. "I'm not stupid, Mike. You said 'El.' Is that the girl you were trying to find?"

He sighed. "Liv, I'm sorry. I didn't realize it came out. I made a mistake. I'm so sorry."

"That is not something you just apologize for! You're not sorry, you're just sorry I heard you. Who is she?"

"She's nobody important, alright?" He bit, "I love you Liv, okay? I'm sorry. Not because you heard me. I don't know what came over me."

"You moaned another girl's name. You're gonna have to do better than 'sorry.' Now tell me who she is and I'll consider forgiving you."

This is the last thing he wanted but no matter what, El was gonna come up sooner or later, just like Liv was brought up to El.

"She's a girl I had a crush on back when I was twelve. You won't

believe me when I tell you this but it's the truth, she's telekinetic. She can do things, *move* things with her mind. And when I found her, she was all alone and scared and she had ran away from Hawkin's Lab where this bad man named Brenner was doing LSD mind control experiments on her because she had these abilities when she was first born. I took her under my wing and gave her a place to stay, food and companionship. I gradually started to fall in love with her but there were other problems. She had opened a gate to the Upside Down which is like an alternate dimension of our world unintentionally when she ran away from the lab and it unleashed Demogorgons into Hawkins and she had to use her powers to kill it and in order to do that, she used up a lot of her power and the Demogorgon and her both went to the Upside Down but come to find out, she escaped and Hopper found her and took her to his house. I know it sounds crazy, you think I'm lying and it's just an excuse but I swear to God I'm telling you the truth. I wouldn't lie to you, Liv." He explained, knowing she won't believe him no matter what he says.

"Yeah, I'm gonna go," she stated, getting out of bed to put her clothes on.

"Liv, wait."

"Give me some time to think, Mike!" she exclaimed, pulling up her pants. She was out the door without another word and he laid there, broken and unsatisfied. Now he lost the two people that mattered most to him...and it was all his fault.

3. Coming Undone

I thought this would be the perfect time for an author's note. In case some may be confused or don't like the direction of this story, I have it set up this way because like it says in the summary, this story will be a dark Eleven story. As far as I know, nobody has written one yet so I thought it would be a nice touch. Eleven is my favorite Stranger Things character mostly because there is so much diversity and complexity to her character's background so it's easy to warp her character around and make things different but exciting at the same time. Obviously she is not the Eleven we know and you guys either still feel bad for her or hate her guts. I've seen your reviews and so far I've seen half and half. Personally, I want you guys to dislike her right now because of her aggressive actions towards Mike which were very uncalled for as well as the inability to know what she might do to go on from here but it's all up to you. Recommendations or tips are more than welcome! Keep reading and reviewing, it means a lot! I'll try to update once or twice a week but since I have school, it might be difficult to throw out updates since I'm pretty busy and I don't want to rush and risk putting out a crappy chapter. I hope you can understand and I apologize for any future waits.

Once I ran to you

Now I'll run from you

Chapter Three - Coming Undone

Early the next day...

Mike woke up from his slumber, reaching out to Olivia's side of the bed only to find nobody in her place. He rubbed his eyes for a moment and looked. Yep, she had never came back last night. Right at that moment, he knew he had to apologize. He also knew what he had told her last night sounded awful but he was telling the truth.

There was no way she'd believe him.

His mind suddenly took him back to El and he felt his insides churn. Whether it was anger, disgust or longing, he would never know.

Just then, he heard the sound of keys jangling. His mom was coming back from work.

He shot out of bed and put on a pair of jeans and a shirt and walked downstairs to greet her.

"Hey, Mom. How was work?"

She gave him a warm smile after throwing her purse on the table and pulled him in for a hug. "Long day but not as bad as it usually is," she told him, leaning over to press a kiss to his temple. He pulled away and gave a nod. Karen looked around for a moment. "Where's Liv? I thought she was spending the night."

Mike gulped. "She had to babysit," he lied. Karen clicked her tongue but proceeded to unpack her things and take off into the living room, probably to take a nap. Mike's dad was still at work and wouldn't be home until around 8pm.

Within just a few minutes, Mike was about to head back to his room and think about how he was going to fix this mess when he heard the phone ring. Karen had already picked up and was talking to someone on the other line. She sounded a little concerned and it made Mike uncomfortable. *Was it El?*

Once she hung up, he expected to hear one of her tell-tale lectures about who El was and why she was so upset with him and why she didn't know about any of it but instead he was told she had an emergency at the warehouse and needed to come in right away and to not expect her back home until 6.

Now Mike was alone which could be good for him. It would make him think about the mistakes he's made and how to correct them but so many things were lingering in his mind. *Will El forget about me? Does she actually hate me? Will Olivia take me back? Is it even a good idea to be with Olivia? Should I try to talk to El?*

Agh. This was preposterous. He was almost 18 fucking years old and

he had the mentality of a toddler. Why was it so hard for him to express himself? Why would El or Liv want him at all?

A knock on his door startled him and he slowly walked back downstairs until he was at the front door. He worked up the courage to open it but internally he was terrified of who he'd find on the other side.

Once he twisted the knob and pulled the door open, he was met with broad shoulders. His eyes roamed up until he saw a face, spotting a chief badge on his way.

Hopper.

His heart never sank lower.

"H-Hi, Ch-Chief," Mike stammered. What the hell was he doing here? He kept his distance. He never went near El after what happened the other day. As far as he knew, he wanted nothing to do with her anymore after the way she treated him. So why was he at his house? Probably to chew him out for his conflicting feelings and confusing El in the process. Or to kill him. Who knows.

Hopper tipped his hat to him before taking it off and stepped inside the house before he was given the invitation and set it on the counter, looking back at Mike, remaining silent. There was nothing overly intimidating about his gaze which was good enough for Mike. Still, he was scared shitless.

Hopper let out a sigh and clasped his hands together, seemingly trying to find the words to say to Mike.

"Look kid, I know you heard El and I talking last night and I'm not here to yell or tell you to stay away from my daughter, I just want you to tell me everything that's been going on before I jump to any more conclusions."

Mike sighed in relief. Hop came to his senses. He was going to tell him everything, even if it killed him, even if Hopper did not like what he had to say, even if he was wanting to question how he knew he heard them talking first.

He took another deep breath, looked right into Hopper's eyes and let it all just pour out of him. "Will called me the other day and told me that you found El. I was excited and wanted to see her because it's been five years and I missed her so much but I had to leave my girlfriend Olivia behind in order to see her again and once we locked eyes, I felt everything come flooding back in and it terrified me because I know it's wrong and I moved on and I'm happy with Liv but I also know that El has been through things that nobody should ever have to go through and because of that, the last thing I want to do is hurt her or do something I'd regret because it's really hard to control myself around her sometimes, especially now. I had to get away and say things I really didn't mean in order to avoid what my primal instincts were telling me. I love and respect her so much that if I ever scared her or did something stupid, I would want someone to end me on the spot. So, I believe leaving her like I did was the best thing to do. I'm sorry for the trouble, I'm sorry for hurting her, and I'm sorry for making you upset, Chief but you need to know that I'm madly in love with your daughter and that is exactly why she needs to stay as far away from me as possible. She deserves to be happy and I want her to find someone else. I'm not enough, no matter what she says. It's better for us to go our separate ways."

Hopper was fully engaged in the conversation but something in his eyes told Mike that he didn't make any sense just then and he too was confused. He was terrible at expressing himself. He made it sound like he didn't really love Olivia and he didn't understand any of the fucking games his mind was playing. He didn't understand himself.

Is he going to distance himself because of Olivia or because of his desires? He hoped this was some awful dream that he was going to wake up from any minute now but any time he pinched himself, it only hurt him. It was all real.

Finally, Hopper chimed in. "Michael, I understand you're young and the feelings you're experiencing are understandable but is there any way you could put this all into a nutshell? Is there any specific thing you're feeling that you're not being honest to yourself about? Is there something more? Do you really love Olivia?"

Mike didn't know what to say. He was utterly speechless. He loved both Olivia and El. He loved Olivia because she helped him get by

and she loved him and she was sweet but he never stopped loving El in the five year span she was gone and now that she was back, his feelings were in alignment with the ones he felt for Liv before her return but greater because of the longing he dealt with prior to that.

He knew he was hurting himself and El by doing this but he had to go through with it. Yes, it was mostly because of the urges deep inside of him but he also didn't want to hurt Olivia and it wasn't fair to dump her for someone he hasn't seen in such a long time, no matter how much his heart lunged itself towards El at the speed of a dart to a dart board.

There was also another part of him that was furious with El for the way she treated him, but he got the impression Hopper had a talk with her about everything and agreed she was being irrational, stubborn, possessive and dare he say it, *bitchy*.

Now he knew he was going to stay away. He was going to push any feelings he had for her far, far away and focus on how she almost broke his jaw and nearly emasculated him with her endless supply of energy due to her powers because he really was mad, and his love for her would not get the best of him. She won't make him break, she won't make him weak, and he will not leave Olivia. It just wasn't fair. He knew it made no sense, he was fickle, he was a dumbass, but this had to happen.

"Yes, I love Olivia. I love her a lot and I want to stay with her. I've made some bad mistakes but I want to correct them. I just don't think El and I are the right fit. As much as I love her, I can't hurt Olivia and I don't want to force El when she's been through enough. Just make sure she moves on and forgets about me, Hopper. Could you please do that for me?"

Hopper sighed. "Are you sure, kid? Is this really what you want?"

Mike nodded. "It's what I want, sir."

Hopper gave a slight smile and stood up and walked towards the door, turning back to Mike. "Hey uh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for going overboard with my words. I was being overprotective. I realize that now. You're a good kid, Mike and this could be the father in me

talking but I think you're making the right decision. I just don't want this to cause a riff between you two. I won't allow it. If you don't want to be with her, at least be happy and I'll make sure she's happy, too. However, if you regret anything, you listen to your gut. Follow your heart, kid."

Mike blinked a few times, not expecting such poetic words from none other than the pill-popping, alcoholic and aggressive Chief Hopper. It was really quite refreshing. Now all he

had to do was go find Olivia, apologize and everything will be okay again.

El would be okay too. He had faith. This whole thing hurt him badly but this was the way it had to be.

"Thanks, Chief. Tell El I said to take care of herself and to not wait around for me."

"Alright, kid." Hopper stated, putting his hat back on and exiting out the front door.

Mike let out an exaggerated sigh and looked up to the ceiling. He felt good. He felt free. Everything was falling back into place. Things were gonna go his way again.

Just then, he heard a knock. He immediately stepped forward and twisted the knob, opening the door to reveal Olivia.

She wore a white romper and black sandals but he mainly zoned in on her smile, accompanied by a glistening tear that had dripped down just at the corner of her mouth. "I was going to write down all the words I wanted to say to you but realized it was all meaningless. It's just..these past ten months with you have been divine and I really don't want to let go of them over something so childish. I just want you to tell me the truth and if the truth is that you want El and you don't want to be with me anymore, I can handle that. I'll go and let you two be happy if that's what you want. I just want you to be honest with me. No more lies and no more secrets. From now on, we tell eachother everything, okay?"

Mike couldn't believe his luck. Olivia was willing to take him back even after he had done something so horrible. Hell, she went as far as to say it was childish. That's a bit *too* far but Mike wasn't going to just stand there and let her do all the talking. He'd clear things up and be done with it.

"Liv, El doesn't understand me like you do. I was foolish to think I could have both of you and since you want the truth, the truth is that no matter what I feel for El, I'm not leaving you. You're too important to me. You've been there for me through it all and I can't thank you enough for it. You deserve me, much more than El. From what I've experienced with her being back, things have changed. She's not the girl I used to know. She's mean and she hurt me because she couldn't accept how I felt. What we had was first love, a child love. I was kidding myself. I think that the feelings just came flooding back in only because of how long we spent apart and my teenage hormones seen how beautiful she'd grown and I mistaken it for something more. I won't associate with her anymore. I don't want anything to do with her. I want you, Liv. *You*."

Her response was immediate. She crashed her lips onto his, mumbling a hundred I love you's to him and before you know it they're on the bed sharing intimacy, *real* intimacy for the first time in over a week.

...

Back at the Chief's house...

El was curled up in a ball on the couch watching reruns of Miami Vice, pondering and bouncing her leg in anxiety when she heard the famous two tap-pause-one tap-pause-three tap knock Hopper taught her way back when he first found her and brought her home to signal it was him at the door.

She sighed, knowing she was going to get spun into another talk. He had a long talk with her about Mike before he left, telling her he would be back and he was just going to talk to him. Part of her was hopeful that everything was back to normal, the other part of her was frightened. She knew in her heart she hadn't handled things correctly and it made her want to use her powers to turn her own brain to

mush.

She loved Mike with everything inside of her and getting things off on the wrong foot after being gone for five years because she was angry that he was with another girl was way out of line. He was right, she didn't understand, but she wanted to. It wasn't like he was going to tell her anyway though. Atleast, that's the impression he gave her.

She had watched a lot of movies and TV since being with Hopper and she learned the meaning of dating and kissing, but Hopper made sure she never saw or got information about any of the things she should already know about since it's basic knowledge for a seventeen year old. That's the overprotective father in him coming out to play. After Sarah, he had grown cold, tough and ridiculously strict and El had to endure every bit of it. In the end, he did mean well and was just looking out for her but she felt like a fool for not being able to pinpoint where Mike was coming from.

His words from the other day rang in her ears, "*YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH!*" She wasn't going to hold back from getting the answers she desperately needed and insisted on prying into Hopper's mind until she found them or pressured him into telling her by using a guilt trip or her powers to scare him, as bad as that strategy sounded. The alternative being confiding in Mike to fess up proved much worse.

She wanted to cry as she kept remembering bits and pieces of the other day. She had been cruel to him, fucking abused him all because of her jealousy. It seemed exhilarating at first with the blind rage bubbling inside her but looking back, she hated herself.

The last thing she had the nerve to do was play the victim but she couldn't help it. Haunting memories of being in Hawkin's Lab dawned on her and all she could think about was how Mike was the first and only person who was kind to her. He never judged her, he defended her on numerous occasions, even going far enough to get into a fist fight with Lucas, his *best friend* which she had to put a stop to the only way she knew how, and he cared for her. He gave her his clothes to wear since she didn't have her own, he let her stay at his house, he fed her, he made sure she was safe, he taught her new

words, showed her new things and anytime she was close to him, she felt all tingly like butterflies were fluttering around in her stomach. He made her feel so alive when she had been dead inside for so long, he picked her up when she felt like falling. He was her savior.

A smile spread across her face as she recalled him calling her pretty. The first time, he caught himself and reworded 'pretty' to 'pretty good,' considering Lucas and Dustin were standing right behind him. Then she flash forward to the time she saved him from falling off the cliff and he had taken her back to his house to get cleaned up. She remembered looking in the mirror and feeling so ugly without her wig and planted her hand on her buzzcut hair shamefully. He caught onto her insecurities and reassured her that she didn't need the wig.

El closed her eyes, sinking into the memory as if it were happening at this very moment.

"*Still pretty?*" She had asked.

"*Yeah! Pretty, really pretty.*" Mike told her.

Then she looked back in the mirror with a small smile. Mike had called her pretty, so all was right in her world.

After a brief moment, he had said her name and she turned to him to respond. His words seem to almost catch in his throat, like he was holding himself back from saying something he wasn't supposed to and instead replaced it with something else.

He told her he was happy she was home and she told him she was too.

Suddenly, everything shifted and she felt herself begin to lean forward, having no rhyme or reason or knowledge of why. She just knew that she liked what she was doing, something was making her do it and Mike was not stopping her. He had stood there so still, gazing into her eyes.

By that point, Dustin came barging in, ruining their moment. It was fine though because Mike made up for it later and they shared a short but sweet kiss in the school cafeteria. She found herself touching her

lips, practically feeling his at the longing she experienced to feel that kind of magic again.

The truth to her is that Mike was all she knew and now that he was no longer with her and instead found someone new, she felt worthless. She guessed she didn't know any better. She didn't seem to know in the moment that her reaction was completely uncool and disgusting. She thought it was being protective but now she knows that violence is not the answer. Mike's happiness meant the world to her and if that didn't involve her anymore, there was nothing she could do about it. It sucked but she couldn't be selfish with him. He didn't deserve that kind of treatment. Plus, she didn't even know Olivia.

Hopper's voice halted her thoughts. "Kid, I'm freezing out here. Could you open up please?" Without anymore hesitation, she focused on the deadbolts and unlocked them in one motion. Hopper came stomping in and closed the door behind him.

She felt like she was liable to start conversation first to avoid having to think of her own answers and planted her feet to the floor, readjusting her posture so she was sitting straight up.

"What did Mike say?" She started, attempting to swallow away her fears even though she knew his answer would hit her hard and it was no use to try.

Hopper came over to sit next to her and he guided her to him so they were face to face. "I know this is a lot to take in and it came as a surprise to me too but Mike thinks it's better if you both go your separate ways. He loves Olivia, he wants to stay with her and he told me to tell you to find someone else and be happy. Don't wait around for him and just let him be with Olivia and it's better that way. With that being said, just know that he still loves you but leaving Olivia is not fair and he's decided that this is the way it has to be."

El tried to contain herself, keep up the composure she practiced for the past hour in a half but such words coming from Mike had her on edge and everything she promised herself she wouldn't do was now the first thing on her mind. It was wrong, it was bad, she shouldn't do this and she only had herself to blame for bringing the memories

back, making this much more difficult to handle after remembering they had it good but a revenge plan had started brewing.

Hopper noticed the not-so-subtle look in her eyes. "El," he warned. It was too late. She already made up her mind and once it's made, there's no going back. No change. Nothing.

She shot up from the couch, pure evil lurking behind her eyes. She turned to her father. "Don't 'El' me. You know what I've been through and I will not sit here and allow Olivia to take away my only shot at ever being happy again and to deprive me of the only good thing in my life. I will not let her claim what's *mine*."

"El, we've talked about this and you said you were sorry and felt terrible for what you did and now you want to aboard a mission to steal a happily taken boy? What did you expect when I came back here? That I was going to tell you he wanted to take you back? It's been five years, sweetie. It can't just always be about you. He's not going to give up a ten months strong relationship for a silly little crush that lasted a few weeks on some girl who he believed to be dead and ended up being wrong. Nobody would."

"Now you're defending *him*? Dad, you weren't there! You are not me or him so how can you judge our relationship, something you know nothing about? He found me, he rescued me, he was kind to me, he never feared me even when he found out I had powers, he didn't call me a freak, he actually cared about me, he called me pretty, he KISSED me!"

Hopper's jaw dropped at this revelation and El gestured to him. "There. See? I rest my case. Yeah Dad, he kissed me. Oh, and also, a few weeks is plenty of time to fall for someone. You as the adult should know that. A crush is infatuation, it's all based on looks. Loving someone is when you like them as more than a friend and you see something in them that no one else does. You want to be with them romantically hence kissing. Mike worded it in a way that it didn't sound like just a crush. After everything we went through together, I know it actually *meant* something. I can't just let her win. She may have him now but I had him first and I know first love isn't built to last. In fact, it's rare that they end up together but my heart is telling me that this is meant to be and you always told me to follow

my heart and ignore *everything* else so that's exactly what I plan on doing. I'm sure Olivia is a nice girl and I know Mike loves her but like you said, he still loves me. I'm going to do whatever it takes to get him back and if Olivia so much as tries to *touch* him in front of me, I'll break every knuckle in both her hands."

Hopper's eyes widened and he got up to press on. "Are you even hearing yourself right now? El, this isn't the way. You need to accept this and move on. Mike wants you to be happy, so why can't you let him be happy?"

El scoffed. "You clearly weren't paying attention. If he wanted me to be happy, he wouldn't be with Olivia right now. He's just trying to save his own ass for whatever reason. Probably the so called truth that I apparently can't handle. My happiness is Mike. Being with Mike makes me happy. In other words, that clashes with his happiness so whichever way you wanna look at it, I'm always the one who ends up hurt. This whole thing would've been so much easier if I didn't have to put up with Papa and his crew in order to find my way back. It would be even easier if I remembered anything from that. It would be easier if we had just broken up beforehand. Everything could be different right now," El exploded, suddenly in a fit of tears.

Hopper pulled her into his arms and embraced her, stroking her hair and shushing her, telling her it was okay and it'll get better.

"No, it won't." El groaned, choking on her tears and clutching Hopper tighter. "He's all I've got, Dad. He's all I want. I can't lose him and I'll never be able to let him go. I don't know what to do." El sobbed.

Hopper pulled away from her, giving her a meaningful look. "I will do everything in my power to make sure nobody gets hurt, I promise you. Everything is going to be fine. You will be fine. I know this is hard but everyday it does get a little easier. I've learned a lot ever since I lost Sarah and if you fall down the wrong path and I lose you too, I couldn't bear it. Please just take my advice. If not for me, for Mike." Hopper reasoned, stroking her cheek, wiping away any tears he could find.

El leaned into his touch and sniffled. "I'm gonna need some time. Maybe a lot of time. I just want to be alone right now if that's okay."

Hopper understood and let her go to her bedroom.

Once she closed the door, there was dead silence. She flopped onto her bed, trying to take her mind off of everything that's going on, to stop thinking about Mike.

It was hard. It was so, so hard. Tears came just when she thought she had none left to cry and she wasn't completely sure how she would sleep tonight. She'd give anything to just see Mike one last time, even if it's only a brief moment. She wanted to apologize but she knew it would only make things harder. He found someone new, someone better and he loved her and because he loved her, his love for El no longer mattered.

Part of her wanted to check on him but she was scared of what she may find.

She never went through with it and instead turned off the light, threw the covers over herself and surprisingly drifted off to sleep fairly quickly, only set back a few times from tossing and turning.

4. The More You Ignore Me, The Closer I Get

AN: Thank you for your feedback. Here's another update! Sorry for the wait. :(

It's strange what desire will make foolish people do

Chapter Four - The More You Ignore Me, The Closer I Get

It was days like these that made Mike's predicament worth everything. Just yesterday he had no clue what his life was coming to nor did he know what he was going to make of this whole situation. Now he found himself sitting at a booth with Olivia, Dustin and his girlfriend Suzie, Lucas and his girlfriend Max, and Will, who's not into dating. They were at Benny's Burgers, the restaurant with the best burgers in town.

They were laughing, having the time of their life. Mike and Olivia were going on about their relationship, much to everyone else's distaste. Whatever.

"So she's finally gone?" Will blurted out, a mouthful of his burger. Mike almost choked on his glass of water at the sudden outburst and change of subject. "What do you mean?" He asked, unsure of how else to respond.

"El. She's gone now?" Mike looked at Olivia, who hung her head, ashamed. How could Will be so inconsiderate? Wherever El was, whatever she was doing, *whoever* she was doing no longer mattered to Mike. He cleared his throat. "As far as I know, she's still in town but the chances of any of us crossing paths with her again are slim. Will, buddy, I love you man but you gotta stop with the weird questions. My girlfriend is right here you know."

Will looked unphased by Mike's annoyance which made him feel a little uneasy. Then his expression turned confused. Nevertheless, he shrugged and took another bite out of his burger. For awhile there was awkward silence until Max's eyes widened to the point of nearly bulging out of their sockets. "The chief," she whispered to everyone. This caught their attention and they all turned around and spotted

Hopper walking through the door and just a few inches behind him was El.

Mike nearly jumped out of his skin when he saw her. The way she was dressed, it was like she had every intention to provoke him. He found himself gawking as his eyes traced down her figure. The white blouse had hugged her curves in all the right places and the skirt to compliment it was tantalizing, showing off her long, tanned legs. Hopper let her go out like that? Lucas' groan woke him from his daze. "Why is she here?"

Mike was willing to do anything and everything it took to keep his mind from flickering to the thoughts he shouldn't be having as he glanced at his girlfriend who was sitting right next to him and then back to Lucas. "I guess her and Hop were hungry. Everyone knows this place makes the best food, especially burgers. It's no big deal. Just don't even look at them." *I should take my own advice*, Mike thought as he side-eyed El once again, only to be caught momentarily.

El had looked over for what seemed like no reason until she spotted Mike. When she saw him looking back, a smirk twitched on her lips. Hopper saw this and whispered something in her ear that made her roll her eyes. Everyone watched as Hopper walked over to a table on the opposite side of the wall from where they were sitting and he hunched over it to get close to Mike.

"Sorry, kid. I didn't realize you were gonna be here. We're just going to eat and leave. I won't let her try anything, okay?"

Mike nodded his head and everyone else thanked him just in time to duck away from El as she approached the table to sit with Hopper.

Olivia swallowed thickly. "That's El?"

Mike took a swig of water and finished the rest of his burger, trying to avoid the question but Dustin and Max gave him a pointed look and he sighed slightly. "Yeah." He stole a few fries from her plate and scarfed them down. Olivia put her hand on his cheek. "Are you okay?"

Mike looked at her blankly, placing his hand over hers. "Of course. I'm here with you. She doesn't mean anything to me anymore."

Dustin cleared his throat. "Hey Lovebirds, are you done yet? I wanna play D&D."

Olivia pulled away from Mike and agreed they should head out now. The couples walked out with Will following close behind and they hopped into their vehicles and drove back to Mike's house.

...

Hopper and El were at their table, waiting patiently for their food. El kept giving him a dirty look which wasn't sitting right in his system. She looked away and glanced at the floor, reaching for her cup and sipping its contents through a straw, loud enough to draw attention and annoy the fuck out of Hopper.

"Hey," he snapped, pulling the drink from her grasp which caused it to dribble down her chin. "Asshole," she griped, grabbing some napkins.

"Excuse me? You do not speak to your father that way, Eleven." He yelled, leaning over the table.

"I do what I want and you have as much right to call yourself my father as Papa does, which is zero. Fathers are supposed to help lead their kids in the right direction but all you're doing is

depriving me of going where I belong and you should know by now that I'm not one for words, only actions. You *tell* me it's going to be okay, you *tell* me things are going to get better, *when* is that going to happen?"

Hopper covered his face in his hands and ran his fingers through his hair. El raised her eyebrow at him. He licked his lips and tried to think of the right thing to say, even though there was no such thing at this point.

"Nothing I say is going to get through your thick skull so what exactly do you expect me to do, El? You won't fucking listen to me! I hate yelling at you and I know I'm not good at this shit but you need to *let*

me help you. I'm trying to make this all go away but it can't happen at the snap of a finger. You need to put forth some effort yourself, kid. Tell me what you think you should do, how about that, huh? And don't tell me you need to talk to Mike or see Mike. Just think about it, long and hard. What do you believe is the right thing to do?"

The waitress came before El could muster up an answer and set down their plates in front of them, repeating their order. Hopper tried to distract the waitress while El was expressing her irritation towards the missing onions on her burger and it proved successful as she walked away.

El grumbled and picked at the bun, suddenly losing her appetite. "You're not getting an answer if you won't let it be about Mike. It's always gonna be about Mike."

"Well, it can still be about Mike but in a different way. His happiness, El. That is what should matter to you. What if he's happy with Olivia which he told me many times that he is?"

El picked up her burger with one hand and took a bite. She hummed at the taste despite the lack of an ingredient and licked her finger, putting the burger back on the plate and folding her arms on the table. She looked at Hopper nonchalantly, "It's not that I don't want him to be happy, I just want him to be happy with *me*."

Hopper sighed. "You're being selfish and downright rude. I raised you better than that, sweetie."

El grimaced. "One, don't call me that and two, you want to talk about raising me when all you've done is treat me like a prisoner? Don't make me laugh," she scoffed, flicking a fry at him. "Now if you don't mind, I'd really appreciate it if you didn't test me."

Hopper shot up from his seat, shouting for the waitress to come back with their check. Once she arrived, he paid, told her to keep the change and pulled El out of the booth, storming out the door to his car.

They stopped once they reached the hood of the car and he nearly combusted from his pent up anger, his face turning fire engine red

and even El was scared of him now.

"Sass me one more time and I will ground you for a month, and that is me being nice. I could easily send you back to the lab. One phone call is all it takes. I've got connections. Try me."

Tears formed in El's eyes. "I hate you."

"Yeah, well, I'm not too crazy about you either. You know why? Because you're a brat. You know what that word means? How 'bout that be your word for the day, huh? Brat. Why don't we go find a dictionary and look it up? B-R-A-T. Brat!"

With no warning, Hopper was flung to the ground. Each time he struggled, the hold on him only grew more powerful. Blood trickled down El's nose as she glared down at him, a smile only a psychopath could pull off playing on her lips. "Thanks for the ride, *Dad*."

She had taken his keys and was getting into his car while he laid there, still unable to move. "Hey! Don't you dare leave me here! Get back here this instant, Eleven Hopper!"

She ignored him and drove off, only letting him go when she was too far away to keep him held down. Nothing, and certainly no one was going to tell her what to do. She knew where she was going and there was no turning back.

Sweet, innocent El had vanished.

...

"Lucas, your action!?" Dustin yelled, fumbling with the dice. Lucas gazed at the board for a brief moment, unsure of what to do. He looked over at Mike, who encouraged him to use the fireball. Lucas smirked. "Fireball that bastard." Dustin tossed the dice, revealing an eleven. "Shit!" Dustin gasped.

"Of all numbers," Olivia hissed.

Lucas let out a breath. "Well, that's the end of that. The demogorgon got me."

Mike's head was spinning by the time the campaign was over. Not one moment could go by without the mention of El or seeing the number eleven at least once. He wondered if she tampered with it somehow.

Will almost laughed at the situation and Mike was ready to throw hands at him for his attitude adjustment. He's been acting strange since the second he saw El at Benny's and Mike wanted to know why, though he couldn't ask him unless Liv wasn't around.

Olivia curled up to him and he leaned down to kiss her. The boys groaned. Since the game was over, everyone was exhausted and wanting to go home so Mike escorted them outside.

Mike noticed how sad Olivia looked and he walked back over to her and they sat on the couch. "What's wrong, babe?" He asked, embracing her tightly and placing a chaste kiss to her forehead.

She looked up at him with a half smile. "I just have a bad feeling about all of this. I trust you and all but...I don't know, I'm just being paranoid I guess."

"Talk to me. You can tell me anything, Liv. What are you feeling?" He moved from her and held her hands in his.

She looked ashamed of herself but didn't waste much time to get it all off her chest. "I know that you love me and I love you too, Mike. So much. But think about it, you and El have history and now she's back in town, you've made it clear that she is still on your mind and yet you're sitting here with me when you could be with her. I want to know why."

He used his thumb to rub her knuckles at an attempt to hide his nerves. He wasn't sure if he could have this conversation again. Hopper was bad enough even though everything worked out good in the end. Liv would be a different story.

Mike cleared his throat. "I've already told you before. My feelings for her don't matter because I love you. I chose you. I'm not going to leave you for someone I've spent five years getting over. It's not fair to you, Liv."

Now it was Liv's turn to cry. "No. No, Mike. That's not how this works. You can't just stay with me because you feel obligated to or because it's the right thing to do or because you feel like you owe it to me since I'm the one who helped you through your self-destruction. I get it, it's the choice you *should* make. I made you feel loved, I made you happy and I brought you back from the edge but I'm not *her*. You can't torture yourself like that. You can't just shut off your feelings to avoid hurting me because in the end the only person you're hurting is yourself which will eventually catch up to me. You can't make everyone happy and you can't expect everything to work out. At this point, the only way you're going to hurt me is if you lie and you're lying right now. You can't sit here and tell me that you don't want her."

Mike was ready to cry with her. She didn't deserve to be swept up in all of this. She was a nice girl. He hated that she felt this way and he made sure he would convince her otherwise, even if there was some truth to what she said. He didn't want to lie but he was out of options. If he was going to hurt anyone, he would hurt himself, regardless if that meant harm for El and Liv. There was nothing else he could do. If El stood a chance, she'd have to put up a hell of a fight for him.

He locked eyes with her. "I'm sitting here and telling you that I don't want her. You mean more to me than anyone else. I love you, Liv. I'm done lying and I'm done with these games. I'm so sorry for hurting you and I'm so sorry that I get confused at times but I know where my head's at now. What El and I had is over. I'm with you now. Only you. Let's let the past be the past. I want to be with *you*."

Olivia continued crying, harder this time. "Mike, don't."

He kissed her. "I love you, Liv. Now quit talking about El because I don't care."

She kissed him back, holding onto him for dear life. "I love you too, Mike."

The ringing of a phone halted them from going any further.

Olivia was the first to get up and she answered. "Hello?"

"Where are you? I told you that you couldn't stay at Mike's tonight, we're having a get-together at the Montgomery's!"

Olivia cursed under her breath. "Crap, I totally forgot. I'm so sorry Mom. I'll be there soon." Then she hung up the phone and gave Mike an apologetic look and he understood right away.

"You go ahead, I'll see you tomorrow. I love you." He told her as he got up to kiss her.

With that, she was out the door and Mike was alone.

He didn't have much to do at this point so he decided to go up to his room and play some music, a thing he loved doing in his spare time.

He couldn't help but feel a tinge of guilt at his conversation with Olivia. There was no way this was the last time he would see El and regardless if he moved on, she would stop at nothing to win him back. The lengths she would take he wasn't quite sure of but it was evident that she would do whatever she could. El always had a fierce temper but he couldn't get what happened the other day out of his head. She had blind sided him in that very moment. She wasn't El anymore. Not his El. What did he expect? Five years can change someone. Hell, one day can change someone. It wasn't meant to be a surprise. Of course she'd change and he assumed her innocence had faded away a long time ago. Being in the Upside Down and quite possibly her time with Hopper would have a lot to do with that. He had to let this go. Let *her* go.

Drowning everything out, he found his REO Speedwagon record and put on the song *Take It On The Run* which he had grown to love over the years. Part of him grew paranoid that El would make an appearance any moment now so he turned the music up full blast, singing along.

You're thinking up your white lies

You're putting on your bedroom eyes

You say you're coming home but you won't say when

After jamming out for a period of time, he turned his record player

off and proceeded down the stairs only to stop dead in his tracks when he heard a knock at the door.

You've gotta be kidding.

He willed himself to ignore it but the knocking grew louder and he knew that if he didn't answer, things would be a hell of a lot worse for him than if he just opened it in the first place. With a defeated sigh, Mike opened the door, already confirming who it was and once he was in full eye view of El, he tried slamming the door in her face like she did to him the other day to no avail. Go figure.

"Mouthbreather," she huffed, walking right in without permission. He had to admit that one hurt him since he's the one who taught her what that word meant. Nevertheless, he kept his guard up.

"Who died and made you think you're the queen?" He barked, staying as far away from her as possible.

"Hello to you, too." She countered, stopping right at the edge of the door. Mike narrowed his eyes, already hating her presence and her newfound snarky attitude.

Crossing his arms, he leaned against a nearby wall. "What brings you here so late? I didn't ask for your company. You made your hatred for me abundantly clear the last time we saw each other," he spit coldly.

El was immediately alarmed. "Hatred? That's rich coming from you. You're the one who decided to find someone else who I highly doubt actually means a thing to you just to get over me. Sure, you had to move on, props to you for the accomplishment. Would you like a gold star? Guess what Mike, I'm back. Do you really expect me to believe that you could just shut off any feelings for me even if you're with the precious little Olivia? That I would be willing to sit around and see you in love with someone else? I'm supposed to just let you destroy everything we ever had? Well, I can't do that, Mike! So help me. Tell me how to get over you because I'm clearly not doing a very good job."

Mike closed and reopened his eyes, "Don't. You don't know me. I could give two shits about you after the stunts you've been pulling

the past few days. I knew this wouldn't be easy but I never expected you to act like this. I don't know how to make it any clearer to you that this is for the best and you don't mean anything to me anymore. You need to do what I did. Find someone who makes you happy and you'll be grateful you moved on from me."

El laughed unhumorously. "So I'm perfect, you're not good enough for me, now I mean nothing to you? I don't understand you, Mike. What aren't you telling me?" She pushed.

She slowly began approaching him. He backed up but she kept moving forward. He gulped when his back hit the wall and she pressed her chest against his.

"El, stop," he tried, but she wouldn't give. Her hands came up and rested on his cheeks. He struggled, squirmed, made any attempt he could to get away from her but it only got him so far. She leaned in dangerously close to his face, her eyes locking with his. "I'm not going to stop, Mike. Not until you admit you still love me and you don't love Olivia no matter how much you want to convince yourself." She placed a kiss on his jawline and he grabbed her shoulders, pushing her back.

"Knock it off before you ruin both of our lives. I have very good reason to be doing what I'm doing right now and I don't care if you don't like it. I'm with Olivia and I'm staying with Olivia."

El's eyes drifted down to his lower half and a satisfied smirk spread across her face. She remembered reading a book about how human bodies work without Hopper's knowledge and she found out exactly what it meant when a bulge formed in a boy's pants and Mike was not doing a very good job at hiding it. She was getting to him and it made her insides tingle and her body light up with pride.

Now she was really going to make him suffer.

Taking her eyes away from his present erection, she gazed at him. For what felt like hours, she just stared and he stood there, still as a statue, not taking any chances at an opportunity to escape. She licked her lips. "Olivia, huh?"

Mike couldn't handle her close proximity and nearly shuddered when she tilted her head to his ear. "Are you hoping she'll come by and end our little tryst?" She whispered, her breath tickling the lobe of his ear. Mike clamped his teeth so hard he thought he'd break a few. "If you call this a tryst, it's safe to say that LSD fucked up your mind worse than anyone thought."

A dark chuckle rang through his ears and then he felt her hands land on his waist, her dancing fingers causing goosebumps to rise in his skin. Slowly, they made their way to the front of his jeans and grabbed his belt. His hands shot out to grab her wrists. "No. I don't want this. I have a girlfriend, El. Why can't you respect that?"

El let up but stayed real close to him, raising a hand to rest on the wall beside his head. "See, you tell me 'no' but your body says 'yes.' Actions speak louder than words, Mikey. You're only making this harder on both of us. As for this guy right here," she looked back down to his crotch, pressing hers firmly against it, drawing a gasp from Mike and continued, "If he got any harder, he'd probably drill a hole through your pants. I'm sure that would be a blast trying to explain to Olivia but is she here right now? Can she see what is about to happen here?" She stopped, slightly blowing on his ear.

Any reason to protest had left Mike's head and all he could think about was her lips on his ear and her hands on his body. He hated himself for it but he wanted her badly. Now he was grasping for last ditch efforts before he couldn't hold it in any longer.

"Eleven," he breathed. Her tongue came out to flick along the shell of his ear and he bit his lip to prevent himself from groaning.

"No, she's not." She finished. "We're alone, there's nothing stopping us and deny it all you like but you want this as much as I do."

She backed away from him, enjoying the sight of his eyes devouring her and his lip quivering in anticipation. She smiled, wide and cheeky, and reached for the button on her blouse, popping it through the loop.

His eyes darted down to follow her movements and before he knew it, her blouse had come off, revealing no bra and she bared her naked

torso to him.

His jaw ticked and he audibly swallowed as he took in her decent sized breasts, trying not to reach for them.

Her eyes once again found their way to his pants and speaking to his erection rather than himself, she went on, "There's nothing to be ashamed about. I'm really good at keeping secrets and if that's what it takes to be yours, *all* of me just for one night, then so be it. No one will ever know. It's okay." She flicked her chocolate brown orbs back to his and gave another mischievous smirk, now approaching him and pressing their bodies together again.

Mike clenched his fists at his sides as she placed her hand on his chest, her palm sliding further and further down until she was at his belt once more.

"Please," he croaked. She quirked an eyebrow at him, wrapping her fingers around the belt and pulling it through the loops. She tossed it to the floor.

He sighed longingly and she looked at him, faking confusion when she knew what he really wanted. "Please what?"

He groaned, "Touch me."

Her smirk returned, much wider this time. "Why, is she not satisfying you?" She popped the button through the opening and pulled the zipper down. Mike tried to speak but no words came out and El let out a seductive giggle and then her hand was diving inside his jeans and wrapping around his aching shaft.

His eyes rolled back and he let out a low moan. She began pumping him agonizingly slow, looking him dead in the eyes with utter self-satisfaction.

"Damn you," he hissed, throwing his head back against the wall and she picked up her movements, making him moan louder.

El giggled again, "No reason to blame me for something that's out of both of our control. A guy has needs."

"I don't need you!" Mike yelled through gritted teeth, his body lunging forward and making him thrust into her hand.

Her grip on him tightened and she leaned into his neck, planting featherlight kisses along the expanse of his throat and he shivered. "Are you sure about that?"

She pumped him harder and continued attacking his neck with kisses. "Christ," he whimpered.

She smiled against his neck and she could feel he was getting really close. She pumped him one last time but pulled away too soon, halting his climax.

Mike looked at her, dumbfounded. She pulled away from him completely, backing up and gawking at him, loving every bit of what she created. "El?" he questioned, trying to calm his ragged breathing.

She put a finger to her lips. "Shhh."

His eyes narrowed in confusion and he proceeded towards her. "What are you doing?" He complained, reaching out for her.

She shooed his hand away and turned on her heel, put on her clothes and walked towards the door. She was going to leave him there.

"Eleven!" He called out, successfully grabbing her before she got away, pulling her towards him. Their bodies collided and their lips were inches apart.

She gasped at the contact but stilled her jaw and looked up at him. "Is there a problem?"

Mike grumbled. "You come here, seduce me and don't have the common courtesy to let me finish?"

El laughed. She *laughed* at him. Her hands came up to cup his face and he leaned into her but she pulled away once again.

"I don't owe you diddly-squat. You thought I was going to be that easy? You're dead wrong, baby. This just proves how whipped you are. I have you wrapped around my finger. If I would've given you

the satisfaction of an orgasm that Olivia hasn't technically given you in a long time, who's to say you wouldn't throw that back in my face and crawl right back to her because apparently you love her so much and would never leave her? If you loved her, you wouldn't be letting me touch you in ways only she should be able to. Whether it was a moment of weakness or not doesn't matter. Go ahead, tell me that it was a mistake and run back to Olivia. Keep lying to yourself and hiding from the truth because you're too fucked up and scared of your real feelings. No matter what, someone is going to get hurt and there is nothing you can do about it. Stop thinking about what everyone else wants and do what *you* want. Grow the hell up and quit fighting for something that'll never work. You belong to me. If you wanna be stupid then the joke is on you but mark my words Wheeler, I'm going to have you in the end. So yes, I came here, seduced you and no, I will *not* let you finish because that would be fair and you're not fair. Life isn't fair. What can I say? Karma's a bitch." El preached.

Mike absentmindedly let go of her and looked like she had just burned him. She shrugged and was out the door. She looked back. "Goodbye, Mike."

His voice broke and a tear rolled down his cheek. There was silence, deafening silence before he lost himself and rushed to the wall, punching a hole clean through it. He kicked down a chair and smacked a bunch of papers off a nearby desk, shouting every curse in the books and grunting from sharp pain in his hand.

El obliterated him. Nobody could save him now.

5. Good Girl Gone Bad

Every move you make

Every vow you break

Every smile you fake

Every claim you stake

I'll be watching you

Chapter Five - Good Girl Gone Bad

Today will be different. There will be big changes. Things will never be the same again. Mike knew that more than anyone, especially since school was starting up again.

He enjoyed the summer up until the very end but now it was going to get much worse. He would have to see El, everyday. Hallways, classrooms, maybe even back at his house. God, he hoped not. Yesterday was awful. He had let his lust get the best of him and he gave in to exactly what he wasn't supposed to. Ever since, he avoided Olivia and he wanted to kick his own ass for being so weak. Now that he had to go to school, surely this would come up eventually. El would seek him out and find every opportunity to destroy his relationship. And as if he wasn't aware, he did a fine job at helping her.

He was tempted to stay home to release some tension but it was no use. His mom would never let him miss the first day. If he could at least get through today, he should be able to get through the days that follow.

The sun was creeping through his blinds, burning his eyes as he ripped the covers off of himself and gathered up a semi-decent outfit. He looked into his mirror and sighed. He was so ashamed and he felt so dirty. He cheated on Olivia after he promised he loved her and told her El meant nothing to him anymore, after he told *El* she meant nothing to him anymore. He shook his head and rubbed his face in

his hands before walking towards the bathroom.

Luckily, Nancy wasn't occupying it like usual and he let himself in. He trotted over to the sink and splashed the cold water on his face. Once again he took a glance at himself in the mirror and cringed. Turning off the water, he made his way to the shower and turned it on, grabbed a towel, threw it on the ledge and took off his clothes. He hopped in, pulling the curtain behind him. He let the hot water pour down his back and turned back around to let it spray down his face, soaking his long, curly locks.

He grabbed a bottle of shampoo and lathered his hair until it was completely covered and tilted his head back down to rinse it out. He repeated his actions with conditioner and then proceeded to retrieve his body wash and clean the rest of his body.

He must've been taking a long time because he heard his mother's voice from behind the door telling him to hurry up or he'd be late. With a sigh, Mike turned off the water and grabbed the towel to wrap it around his body and dry off. He got dressed and dashed for the kitchen, the aroma of eggs and bacon invading his senses. He stopped to take a seat at the table and Nancy and Karen smiled at him. "Good morning," they said, both serving him a plate of eggs and bacon and pouring a glass of milk.

Mike muttered a good morning and glanced down at his food, feeling nauseous. He looked up to his mother and sister and frowned. "Thank you, this looks delicious but I'm just not feeling very hungry right now. I'm just gonna finish freshening up and go to school."

Karen furrowed her eyebrows in worry since he always ate in the morning and he seemed off but she took his plate away with a sad smile and put it in front of herself as she sat down and stabbed her fork into a piece of egg, eating it.

Nancy caught on and placed the back of her hand on Mike's forehead. Groaning in disgust, he slapped her hand away. "I'm not a kid anymore, you can't think you can just baby me. I'm fine. I'm going to school." Mike stood up and Karen put a hand out to stop him. "Michael, what is with the attitude? Clearly something is wrong."

He looked at her, trying to hold back the tears that threatened to escape. "I'm fine, Mom. Just not looking forward to today that's all."

"The first day goes by quick. You'll have classes with your friends and Liv I'm sure. No need to worry." She cupped his cheek and leaned in to place a kiss on his forehead. "Have fun."

Mike nodded his head and waved a goodbye to Nancy and quickly made his way back to the bathroom to finish up his morning routine and then was out the door, in his car and driving to the school, his heart beating a mile a minute the whole way there.

...

El woke up, realizing she ended up back at Hopper's. She was sure he was pissed at her for the stunt she pulled but he was oblivious to the details of last night. She sat up in bed, smirking to herself smugly. Today was the day school started and she had spent a long time trying to convince Hopper to let her go since she had never gotten a proper education but he was always too busy with his work. Now she had real reason to persuade him and it had something to do with a tall, curly haired boy who she was sure to see.

Looking at the clock, she seen she was going to be late since school starts at 7:30 and she wasn't even fully out of bed yet. She quickly got up and put on an outfit, hoping Mike would notice her. Who was she kidding, of course he would. If not, she had something to hold against him.

She decided on a crop top and denim short-shorts with her usual converse. Nowadays, she noticed how many girls would wear makeup who looked to be around her age. She thought she should give it a try. By a strike of luck, she found some lipstick and mascara in one of her drawers, possibly belonging to Hopper's ex.

She remembered Mike dressing her up in disguise while they snuck into Will's ceremony at the school gym. He had been so careful with her and despite being a boy and not knowing jack about makeup nor how to apply it correctly, even if she didn't know any better herself, he did quite a good job and she adored the look on his face while he was concentrating on making her look presentable and even more so

the way his eyebrows flew up when she revealed herself once she was dressed in the pretty pink dress the boys found for her.

Ah, the memories. It almost pained her to know they could never go back to that. It would never be that simple again because now she had someone in her way. Someone, deep in her insecurities that she believed was better than her. There was no other way around it. Mike chose her so clearly that meant something.

A possessive growl escaped El's throat when she thought about Mike and Olivia together. She recalled seeing them kissing when she checked on him various times while she was gone and when she thought her feelings of jealousy couldn't get any stronger after seeing him with a redhead girl, they did. Mike was hers. She knew. He knew. She knew he knew. She knew he was too scared to admit it. But she'll get him, even if it kills her. If she can't have him, no one can.

After a few moments passed, she was all ready and made her way into the living room where Hopper was kicked back in his chair, munching on a bag of potato chips, sipping a beer and watching some weird show she couldn't remember the name of.

She thought she'd finally get away with her indiscretions for once but as she walked passed him, he clicked his tongue and she turned her head to look at him.

"Sit," he barked, pointing to the couch. El rolled her eyes but obliged. She knew what was coming next. God help her.

"You're grounded. I'm keeping my end of the deal. A month, remember? No eggos and no TV and if I find out you've snuck out for any reason at all, I will make it much longer. I don't want to do this but you've left me no choice. Now, you're gonna tell me where you went on your little field trip last night. Did you go see Mike?"

The desire to wreak havoc was overpowering El. "So that's it then? You're just gonna keep me cooped up in this trashy house because I broke your dumb rules? For your information, I did *way* more than see him. I'm not Daddy's little girl anymore. Go ahead, ground me. Ground me for a year for all I care. It won't stop me from escaping

this hell. Better yet, go ahead and call up Papa and tell him to come for me. Let them drag me by the hair back to the lab, run their tests and let the chips fall where they may because at least I'll be free of you."

The sound of a can crushing and being thrown to the ground could be heard and Hopper stormed to get right in El's face. "I don't know who you think you are but I've had it with your attitude, young lady! This wouldn't be happening right now if you didn't decide to go all fatal attraction on Mike and Olivia and use your powers on your own father to go find him. Tell me what you did, Eleven. I'm *not* asking."

El smiled, pleased with herself for tapping into his temper. He was funny when he was mad.

She pointed her chin and crossed her arms to her chest. "If I tell you, will you let me go to school? I don't have much time."

Hopper glared but slowly nodded his head. "And I can drive your car?" She added, raising her eyebrows.

"Fine," he allowed. "Now fess up."

Victory flickered through her and she unabashedly proceeded to explain last night's vulgar activities.

"I went to his house and called him out on his lies and he tried his best to resist the temptation but ultimately it was too hard for him to handle and I stroked that impressive manhood of his until he was on the brink of release and just when I knew it was coming, I let go and left him there. He was not happy about it let me tell you. Now he knows how I feel. It's not polite to tease. Looks like the joke is on him."

A mouth couldn't have dropped open any wider than Hopper's did at this moment. El wanted to laugh at his inability to move from the shock and most likely disappointment in his daughter.

Finally, he closed his trap and the angry look returned. "One, where did you learn how to do that and two, you do realize that only complicates things even further? If that gets back to Olivia, it will

break them up and you're gonna be the one to blame."

"The horror," she exasperated in mock despair. "I'll take the blame if that's what needs to be done. I don't mind being the bad guy. That's the difference between us. I can dish it out and I can take it. Mike can only dish it out. Poor thing. As for your other question, I may have read a Cosmo magazine or two while you were off galavanting at work. I got bored," she shrugged.

Hopper made a disgusted face. "This isn't exactly what I'd call taking it but I really need to call off more often. Alright you can go to school now but I mean it El, you better behave! I don't want any sketchy behavior reports or calls from the principal saying you molested Mike or whatever the hell. You hear me?"

"Crystal clear," she insisted, getting up and racing to the door. "You're still grounded!" Hopper yelled. She gave him a thumbs up from behind and grabbed his car keys from the bowl, closing the door behind her.

Let the fun begin, she thought.

...

Mike had made it to his homeroom with only a minute to spare and sat down in a seat towards the back facing the wall where Dustin waited for him.

"Hey, man," he greeted, patting his back. "Almost thought you weren't coming. First day jitters?"

"El jitters," Mike responded honestly. "I'm scared of seeing her again. She's been awful persistent these days."

Dustin gave an apologetic smile. "It'll be alright, Mike. Show me your schedule, I'll see if we have classes together."

Mike handed him the sheet of white paper and he examined it closely. "AP World History, Pre-Calculus, and B Lunch," Dustin smiled, handing it back to him.

Mike sighed in relief. He only hoped now that either El took different

classes or one of his other buddies would be in other classes with him that he might share with El.

Fingers crossed. Pray to the Lord.

A mild beep sounded in the room and the students flooded out into the hallway to go to their first period class. Dustin wished Mike good luck until second period where he would see him again and he nodded his head.

With a sigh, Mike walked carefully to his AP English class. Peeking inside the room, he spotted Olivia in the second row who smiled at him and waved, motioning him over to her. Thankfully, El was nowhere to be seen.

Maybe Hopper didn't let her go or maybe he was a fucking idiot and completely disregarded the fact that El doesn't have enough experience in English to be in the advanced placement class, whether she had enough time to practice at home or not. It wasn't exactly enough.

Mike sat next to Olivia and blew out a breath. "Rough night?" She asked him. Mike cleared his throat to prevent a rant from coming out.

"Yeah, couldn't sleep," he said, withholding some truth.

"Sorry," she pouted, pulling a pencil out of her bag. The teacher came in and started introducing herself and handed out a paper regarding the rules of the classroom and some notes on the curriculum for the school year. All in all, the period went by fairly quickly.

Now it was second period AP World History and he was thrilled when he saw Dustin sitting next to his girlfriend Suzie. The coast was clear.

Another forty minutes of boring class discussion between the teacher and the students and it was all over, as quickly as he remembered. Maybe he would get lucky.

But his luck surely didn't last. Next period was AP Astronomy and as he walked into the door, though Olivia greeted him there, sure enough El was in the class with them.

She sat in the second to last row, her feet resting on top of the desk. She appeared to be distracted which gave Mike and Olivia a window to sit down as far away from her as they could. The pop of a bubblegum bubble echoed, causing Mike to make the mistake of whipping his head back and make direct eye contact with El, making his breath catch in his throat.

She winked at him subtly and snaked her tongue out to pull the gum back into her mouth, chewing intently. Olivia had looked back too and shot Mike a glare when she caught his resemblance of a deer in the headlights.

Olivia leaned over to him and whispered in his ear, "If you want, we can drop this class and try to get it a different period."

"We're fine, she can't do anything here," Mike assured, pulling away from her and focusing his attention on the teacher, who came in with a stack of textbooks and everyone groaned. Mike wasn't fazed though, it's typical for a high class like this one. The only thing bothering him was the cruel intentions El had with him.

The teacher began discussing what's expected for the class along with giving a lecture to one of the boys who had already fallen asleep not even five minutes into class.

An odd noise filled Mike's ears followed by the outburst of Olivia, who stood up, rubbing her ear and looking behind her.

Everyone was alarmed by this and turned around too, confused as to what happened. Of course, Olivia immediately focused her gaze on El, who still sat with her legs on the desk only now she was twirling a lock of hair around her finger, seemingly innocent.

There was nothing innocent about her.

Just then, Olivia raised her hand and asked to use the bathroom. Mike looked over and asked her what was wrong and she told him she felt something hit her neck, something wet.

Mike's eyebrows furrowed and his mouth contorted in disgust. Now he was turning around and looking at El once more. She gave that

telltale smirk of hers and let her eyes drift around the classroom to check if the coast was clear. Just then, the bell rang.

Mike shot up and made his way out the door. He could feel El right on his heel as he jogged to his fourth period class but he didn't let it stop him. He kept going until she ganged up on him and spun around so she was suddenly in front of him, their bodies colliding with a harsh slam.

"Oops," El giggled, placing a hand on his shoulder. Mike jumped back. "What do you want, El?" He sighed.

El put on a fake thinking face and tapped her chin. "That's a dumb question, don't you think?" She whispered.

Mike scoffed. "You want me but you can't have me."

"Oh, really?" She snickered. "Newsflash, I had you last night. If I had you once, I can easily have you again."

He gulped. "That shouldn't have happened. Last night was a mistake."

El's eyebrows flew to her forehead. "Maybe we should keep making mistakes."

She backed him up into the lockers and grabbed ahold of his hands tightly, placing them on her waist. "El," he admonished, trying to pull away.

Her grip tightened. "Mike," she whispered back, leaning into his neck and placing a kiss there only to pull away when she heard a shaky breath escape his lips.

She moved her hands away and he retracted his from her waist. El knew they couldn't continue, not here at least. They were gonna be late for fourth period but it would be worth it if it meant she could potentially go all the way with Mike.

But then a voice boomed in the hallway and everything was ruined. "What the hell is going on here?"

Mike's head shot to the side and saw Olivia standing there with her

hands on her hips and giving a pointed look at him and El.

Her confrontation did not bother El though. In fact, it may have just spurred her on more. "Well well, if it isn't the infamous Olivia I've heard so much about. We haven't officially met, I'm El."

"Yeah, I know who you are. What the hell are you doing with my boyfriend?" Olivia snapped, looking over at Mike who just stood there, stunned.

El stood her ground. "Ah, you've heard of me. Fantastic. Then I'm sure you understand what happens when someone gets in my face. I suggest you choose your next words carefully or else you won't be able to speak at all."

Olivia chuckled. "Is that an empty threat?"

"Liv," Mike warned. "I've got this covered. Go ahead and go to class."

El put a hand up to silence him. "No, no it's alright. Surely Liv here isn't stupid enough to start something she can't finish."

"*You* started this by stalking *my* boyfriend. Face it, dollface, he doesn't want you anymore." Liv taunted.

It was El's turn to get in Olivia's face. "Weird, that's not the impression I got last night."

Mike's face turned fifty shades of red and he closed his eyes tightly. This was it. He was a goner now.

Olivia narrowed her eyes. "What are you talking about?"

"El, don't." Mike begged, moving to get in between them but all El had to do was look at him and he hesitated to take another step.

Olivia was suddenly fixated by El's words and turned to Mike. "What happened last night? What is she talking about, Mike?"

"You don't know?" El chimed in, smiling from ear to ear. "I gave him a reach around and quite frankly, he loved every minute of it."

"You bitch!" Mike yelled. "I told you it was a mistake! It's never gonna happen again!"

"That's funny because I don't remember you asking me to stop." El yelled back.

Olivia's mouth dropped and all the contours of her pale face resembled a weeping angel. You could pinpoint every last tinge of betrayal and hurt in her features. Her gaze traveled to Mike, who looked equally heartbroken.

"Liv," Mike reached for her. She slapped his hand away. "I can't believe you! You fucking promised me, Mike. You said you loved me, you said you were over her and you lied to me! You've always been lying to me. How could you? After everything I've done for you, you just-" tears streamed down her face. "I never want to see you again. Both of you can go straight to hell."

"I'm sorry," Mike whispered, hanging his head in shame. Olivia shook her head and walked away, stopping in front of El once more. "I hope you're happy," she cried.

She didn't think it was possible but El actually felt bad for her. It didn't last long though, because she remembered that she won.

Before she could muster a sarcastic response, Liv had walked away.

Now it was just the two of them.

Mike was frozen and El made her way over to him. "Hey," she began. "All I did was tell her the truth. If you're gonna be mad then go ahead and be mad but it doesn't change what happened last night."

If looks could kill, the anger in his eyes was enough for her to fear death. "Go to hell, Eleven." He walked away from her without another word or so much as a side-eye. "Mike. Mike, wait!" She called out. He never looked back.

El roared and a few lockers bent inwards. She was grateful that everyone in school was totally oblivious to their surroundings and were too busy rushing around to get to their classes.

But now the bell rang and she realized she missed fourth period. She figured she could find a way to get away with it.

That didn't really matter much to her right now though. Mike was furious with her and who could blame him? She admits it was a bitch move on her part but she had to get Olivia out of the way. That was the hardest part. There was no way Mike would be able to stay mad at her for too long. She learned that from past experiences before she disappeared.

The rest of the day was miserable for everyone because once Mike or El had entered the room, it was filled to the hilt with doom and gloom.

It still went by relatively fast and before they knew it, they were back in the front seat of their cars and speeding back to their appropriate houses.

Mike reckoned he made a bit too much racket coming into the door because even his dad, who was a grade a sleeper, woke up with a choked snore followed by a loud groan and the yelling of a request to come in a little quieter next time.

He brushed it off for the most part and made his way into his room just where he had left it. Untidy, bed not made and crumbs scattered across the floor with an accompanying empty water bottle. Even his records were all out of place.

It was at this moment Mike wished he knew where his Mom moved her bottle of chianti after he found the location of it a few weeks ago and decided to rebel and take a swig to let loose. That poor decision left him without TV and Olivia for a week.

So why would he want to do that again? Maybe because he didn't feel like he had anything to lose at this point.

El infuriated him to no end. She ruined his relationship just like he knew she would and that's exactly why he didn't want to go to school today. He had to go through it again and again until summer vacation to which he was already counting down the days and made a calendar in his notebook to cross them off.

What's worse is she didn't care. She wanted him and there was nothing he could say or do that would stop her from getting him.

Things just got a whole lot worse.

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El pulled into the driveway of Hopper's cabin where she found him standing on the front porch, a lit cigarette held in his fingers and blowing an ugly smoke.

"Hi, kid. How was school?" He greeted, guiding her inside.

"Shitty," El responded, walking in and shaking off her shoes at the door. "Mike hates me."

Hopper closed the door behind them and put a hand on her shoulder. "Wanna talk about it?"

"I guess," she shrugged. "I may or may not have told Olivia about what happened between us last night."

Hopper hissed. "What did I tell you?"

"I know, I know but come on if it really was such a big mistake and he regretted letting it happen, why didn't he have the balls to tell her himself? Throwing him under the bus and breaking the news to Liv was a great wake up call for Mike. He deserved that. He hates me because he wants me and he's pissed because he's terrible at hiding it and now that I've annihilated his distraction, he can't do anything."

Hopper sat down on the couch. "If you think he deserved this kind of treatment, why are you so upset with the way he's acting?"

"Because I want him to stop lying to himself about how he feels. He's hot one minute, cold the next and I can't have him playing mind games with me. It's either he's that broken up about Liv or there's something else and I know for a fact that there's something else because it was so easy for me to get to him. I know that he's too selfless for his own good and is trying to do right by the girl who was there for him when I couldn't be but you can only push someone so far before it all comes crashing down."

He sighed. "Maybe I should take you out of school before this gets out of hand."

"No," El shot back. "I'll just stay away from him and eventually he'll come crawling back. It's only a matter of time."

"Fine but don't make me regret this." Hopper warned. El nodded and pulled him in for a hug. "And El?"

"Yes?"

"Please tone down on the possessiveness, it won't get you anywhere." He added.

"I'll try. I just-I can't help it. I love him, Dad. I just want him to tell me he loves me too and I want things to go back to the way they used to be."

"They won't, El. You're not kids anymore. Those days are numbered. I'm sorry." Hopper told her, hoping to clear the air.

El groaned. "A girl can dream," she said wistfully. Hopper smiled. "I love you, kid."

"I love you too and I'm sorry. For everything. I shouldn't have stole your car and made you out to be a monster. You're just trying to protect me. You're nothing like Papa. I'm sorry, Dad."

"It's okay, honey. I forgive you. I'll let you have your TV and eggo privileges, how's that sound huh?"

El grinned. "That sounds great. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

AN: I know, it's been a long time and I'm sorry for that. I've been working on this chapter for the past week and I wanted to really take my time with this one so that's why. Honestly, this would've been posted yesterday but two days ago there was some pretty high winds at my house and it fucked up my internet so I couldn't post it but luckily it's up and running again!

See you in the next chapter!